

# Poor Jack's Return,

**W**HAT cheer, my dear Polly? - didn't I tell you as how,  
 That "Perhaps I should laughing come back?"  
 Now you plainly perceive that my words are come true,  
 So accept a salute from Poor Jack:  
 My heart's rigged with truth, and my honesty tight,  
 Not a stripe of false colours I wear;  
 And the compass of Love has directed me right,  
 To be bless'd with the charms of my fair;  
 So d'y'e see that the Chaplain may splice us in one,  
 Let me steer thee to Hymen's kind shore:  
 For Jack is resolved, until that shall be done,  
 To depart from his Polly no more.

Let your fine courtly lubbers palaver and boast,  
 Who never sail'd on Sincerity's main;  
 Let 'em cowardly skulk upon Flattery's coast,  
 Such buccanier swabs I disdain;  
 It ne'er shall be said that Jack yet has to learn,  
 How to guard such a consort as you;  
 Do you think I'll croud canvass and drop you astern?  
 No! shiver my jib, if I do---  
 So now, my dear girl, let me take thee in tow,  
 Since again I'm safe anchor'd on shore,  
 \*For 'till before Chaplain I've plighted my vow,  
 I'll depart from my Polly no more.

Let the mild breeze of Virtue still waft thee through life,  
 By the helm of fair Constancy steer,  
 No the rocks, nor the shoals, nor the quicksands of Strife;  
 Start my plank? if you ever need fear:  
 Cause why, d'y'e mind, while that little sweet youth  
 Sits smiling on watch up above,  
 Can the tempest of Fate snap the cable of truth  
 Or drag from the anchor of Love?  
 So coil up your doubts, my sweet charmer, nor think  
 To be wreck'd on Misfortune's lee shore;  
 Should Adversity board us together we'll sink,  
 Ah! never to part any more.

O my shipmates! remember, our Chaplain would say,  
 (On his log-book he preached to us oft)  
 There's a MIGHTY COMMANDER, whom all must obey,  
 That will order good Christians aloft;  
 Then avast, my dear girl, swab the lights of your face,  
 Don't let sniv'ling your pleasure annoy:  
 O my timbers! take not such squalls to take place,  
 On the smooth bosom'd ocean of joy;  
 Bear a hand then, my love, with the current of Bliss  
 Let's be stretching for Hymen's kind shore;  
 For until we're united, depend upon this,  
 I'll depart from my Polly no more.